WHO'S GUILTY?

An Interesting Series of Pathe Photoplays Now Being Presented at the Leading Motion Picture Theatres in Greater New York.

Novelization By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

Her outflung hand fell by chance upon the hilt of the dagger that lay on the plano.

Her fingers closed convulsively about it.

Story No. 9 THE WEAKER STRAIN

The ninth of a series of separate stories dealing with the commission of crimes inviting judgment upon both actual guilt and real responsibility.

(Copyright, 1914, by Mrs. Witson Woodrow)

EN Tom Price saked Laura Belden to marry him he set forth to her the following account of his fortune:

"In two things," he said, "I am a multi-millionairs in love and hope. As far as notual cash goes, I've nearly seven hundred his first day outside his own room. Tom recognized the older of the dollars. As for prospects a fairly efficient young architect ought And he glanced about him in per- two visitors as Professor Bargent, his to be able to pick up a living, even in a small up-State town like this. All I sek to a chance. And, some day or other, that chance is bound to come."

Perhaps a more mercenary girl than Laura would have hemitated a changed, since I was out here before," scarcely thirty years old, and with a A long time before linking her life to a man of such meagre prospects. But Laura Belden was anything but mercenary.

To her Tom Price was the handsomest, the claverest, the most wonderful man in all the world. She never for one moment doubted his future success as an architect or at any other pursuit to which he might care to turn his genius.

So they were married.

They set up light housekeeping in a tiny house that Laura made very pretty and homelike. And Tom spent eight hours a day in his cheap little office with its glaringly new sign waiting for the big orders that were to make him rich and famous.

"Just as you say, Tom," she agreed,

"Besides," he added, in reluctant

have you touring the country with a

your beauty and your voice with the

off for his morning inspection of the

cision which put an end to her career.

morning as she realized the hope she

She carried a far heavier heart

somehow."

The orders, it is true, seemed in no hurry to arrive. But Tom waited risen. He put his arms tenderly hopefully. As for Laura, she outdid around her as he made answer: Tom himself in the art of hoping. It "Sweetheart, I feel like a brute to would not have surprised her at all refuse you anything in the world, to learn, any day, that her wonderful And if it were really for your happihusband had secured a contract to ness, I wouldn't stand in your way design a cathedral; or at the very for one moment. But it isn't, dear, least a pork king's summer palace. The truly happy woman is the woman

Meantime, she went on with the with a home and a husband of her study of music, which she had taken own. Not the woman who must up long before her marriage. She had knock around the country on stuffy a really unusual lyric soprano voice, trains and sleep in cheap hotels, pick-And Prof. Sargent, her teacher, ing up a living as a singer or an prophesied a great career for her. actress. Can't you understand that? prophesied a great career for her.

Tom was tremendously proud of his It would spoil our sweet home-life. pretty little wife's singing. He never It would separate us for weeks at a tired of listening to it; even when time. It isn't as though I couldn't she spent half an hour at a time support you comfortably. Now that she spent half an hour at a time my chance has come, we'll be well off practising uninteresting scales and —for people of our age. And I want detached bits of difficult phrasing.

But when Sargent spoke of a career you at home with me." for her the bridegroom would scowl meekly. and say tersely:

"I can support my wife, thanks, confession, "I'm ashamed to say I'm without sending her out to be ogled jealous. Horribly jealous. I won't by an audience of strangers."

At last came Tom's longed-for Don Juan like Legrand, singing for a "chance." A small office building was lot of leering men, and associating going up at the corner of Temple with managers and press agents and and Maple Streets. And, among fif- critics who would be forever trying teen architects' bids for the job, Tom to make love to you. I won't share

He was radiant with delight. He public. Let it go at that, little sweetresolved that that cheap five-story heart of mine. Try to forget your edifice should serve as a model of silly dream of becoming a second beauty and efficiency for the whole Sembrich. I'll make it up to you,

Day and night he labored over the He kissed her goodby and hurried task.

As the building's unsightly frame- new building. work arose, foot by foot, he and Laura looked from the window. Laura used to gaze upon it in silent watching until he was out of sight. rapture, as at a fairy castle. Then she turned back to her house-One morning as the Prices sat at hold duties. She felt no rancor, no

the breakfast table Laura said rather fretfuiness, no rebellion, at the de-"You aren't the only member of this Tom had said it. Therefore, it must family who has a chance, Tom. Only be right. For Tom was always right.

you can take advantage of yours. And Yet she carried a heavy heart all I have to reject mine." "What do you mean?" asked Tom, must throw away. looking up curiously from some notes

he was scribbling on the back of an during the weeks that followed. For, "Yesterda; when I went to Frof. to her on a stretcher—senseless, in-Sargent for my lesson," said Laura, ert, terribly injured. The ambulance "he made me a splendid offer. He surgeon who escorted the stricken "Concert tour?" echoed Tom, frownwants me to so on a concert tour."

ing. "Nonsense!" "I was afraid you'd say so," she sighed. "I told him you wouldn't al-

The washed you'd as a wall may be sended the or your extending of the framework washed the sender of the framework washed the company of the sender of the sender of the framework washed the company of the sender of the sender

with an appetite that is insuttable, work, into the hands of a receiver, it. But it is entirely true. Mrs. Price Mortals. Her future w. And Leurs spendily discovered this and the Lord since knows when III will not only receive for higher terms. There would be said and and Laura spendily discovered this and the Lord alone knows when III will not only receive for higher terms to dispet Time's money troubles and tot.

get any money on what they ows me for the tour than are I have known make him confortable for life glory life must go on, in linear as in for designing that miserable building an unified singer to get, but she will to reflect upon him as her husband. beauth. Only, to the former, fifty for them. I hadn't meant to let you also have a chance to make a name and to make hitmen as expensively.

Roow this until I could give you some for harself. A name that she can coin renowned wife The little nest egg in the savings better news along with it. But there into money. With a voice like and it transported her into a verifable bank multed as if it had been a snow. dozen't seem very much chance of hers'—
fools' paradise that exaited and
had on a hot store. When the spa. better news' We may as well face "She has already made a name for the brilled her. Whenever a pany of
claims' hills were paid, when the truth. We're dead broke, you hereaif, air," retorted Tom, "she made
of the shrank from the prospect of it at the altar. The name of Price' austines from her adored busined, she

here items eat into the bank second. Construction. Company west, just loss modestly than you care to hear Tetragent and the rest of the im-

Scarcely realizing what she did, the frantic woman struck out wildly at the man who had seized her.

more for it. And," she broke off, "when I get back you'll be all well and strong again. Isn't that a wonderful thing to look forward to."

"The most wonderful thing to look forward to." he said, kissing her, "is —vou!"

From the outset the concert tour scored a genuine success. And the success piled up as the tour continued and as its fame preceded it from city to city.

The bulk of the honors went to the hitherto unknown young lyric soprano, Laura Price. Her beauty and her personal charm, almost as much as her marvellous voice, carried her straight onward to complete and unmistakable triumph.

Before the tour was half ended she managers and agents. Her name and fame and fortune were made.

Owing to her personal success the tour's receipts swelled beyond Le."

When I set the departed to her own munutes spoiled everything. And more than probably when Laura should hear spoiled everything. And more than probably when Laura should hear spoiled everything. And more than probably when Laura should hear spoiled everything. And more than probably when Laura should hear spoiled everything. And more than probably when Laura should hear spoiled everything. And more than probably when Laura should hear spoiled everything. And more than probably when Laura should hear spoiled everything. And more than probably when Laura should hear wount in her to his lips.

After a thne she departed to her own roc. a taking the song with her. To her own roc. as, taking the song with her. To my roc. as, taking the song with her. To her own roc. as, taking the song with her. To her own roc. as, taking the song with her. To her own roc. as, taking the song with her. To her own roc. as, taking the song with her. To her own roc. as, taking the song with her. To her own roc. as, taking the song with her to her own roc. as, taking the song with her tour. Unless—unless she really she tour. Unless—unless she r

"You're a silly, silly boy!" she chided, "but, somehow, I love you all the
more for it. And," she broke off,
"when I get back you'll be all well
and strong again. Isn't that a wondeful the soul.

He needed all his will-power to go
on playing as though she were not so
planned game. Tom's arrival bad
speak the ardent words that sprang
to his line.



"I DID IT," SAID TOM. "I'M READY TO PAY."

sell it? You were so fond of it. And object of the visit.

per floor framework, watching the

Tom had been standing on an up. you needed it so in your practising." "Mrs. Price," he began, "this is at her husband's rudeness to their "There won't be any more practis- probably no sort of time to come here guest. per floor framework, watching the unloading of an elevatorful of brick ing just now," she told him. "I have and mortar when the elevator rope stopped my music lessons."

A workman who was still in the elevator bad leaped for the scaffold
There won't be any more practisprobably no sort of time to come here until I come need to. His gered me until I consented to. His gered me until I consented to. His down the face the sharp disappointment involved by his refusal. He recalled all the had done for him—all she had done for him—all that this "chance" meant to her. And he seems to think I have enough.

And he seems to think I have enough.

"Tom!" protested Laura, troubled

Fromise me."

"Why, darling," she answered, in surprise at his ill-repressed vehemicate, "Ill promise you anything in the world. You know that, What is tit."

"Promise you'll be true to me while you're away—and forever and ever."

She drew back from him and looked up into his pain-haggard face with a flush of indignation.

"Why, Tomi." she exclaired, "do you know you are insulting me? It is an insult for any man to doubt his wife's loyalty."

"Forg's well." he begged, "but you know how foolishly Jealous I am, and how I shall be worrying. Make my mind easier by promising.

She saw the pitcous appeal in his eyes, and her heart softened. As though speaking to a frightened child, she made answer:

"I promise for a median and the contrality of the hist are of blood!" he said.

Termise to keep me true to you."

"I know," he said, humbly, "I know," he s